

FEBRUARY, 1951

PRICE 50¢

CANADA 50¢

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



What has
become
of the
**OLD FASHIONED
MAN?**

by Helen Lawrenson

Man

THE CHEF

6 page food
supplement

Can

IN MEN

by H. Ross

THE

Secret

OF LOVE:

have American Girls
Forgotten?

by Betty South

it's the
DOBBS



Journal of Maritime Law and Commerce, Vol. 12, No. 4, October 1981, pp. 691-700. © 1981 by the American Maritime Law Association. Printed in the United States of America.

LEONARD H. THORP 111

⑥

Journal of Interpersonal Violence 27(10), 1899–1916, DOI 10.1177/0886260512451901
© The Author(s) 2012. Reprints and permissions: sagepub.com/journalsPermissions.nav



MARK TWAIN VISITS THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY

The famous humorist considered Old Crow the aristocrat of bourbons and went to see for himself how it was made.

OLD CROW

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

Old Crow is still produced on the same site near Franklin, Ky. where James Crow built his first small distillery. Through generations past, Old Crow's superior Kentucky quality has won for it the high praise and golden recognition of some of America's most celebrated men. Have you tried Old Crow recently?



A TRULY GREAT NAME
Among America's Great Whiskeys



SUBSTANTIAL
PRICE
REDUCTION
now in effect

Esquire

The Secret of Love:

HAVE AMERICAN GIRLS FORGOTTEN?



The Occupation has fostered a brand-new battle of the sexes between

American women and their European slave-master-Germans

By BETTY SOUTH

recently here. Word of American men duty in Germany Germany has a grave problem. German females are breeding up their homes.

One woman here lately visited an American man here. He had been married to her and she was looking to keep their son.

The statement of the situation revealed otherwise. The woman said that her son was married by his wife in an exchange of property with his attention to a German girl.

The situation is not limited to Germany. It prevails all over Europe, wherever men were sent in contact with foreign women.

The Army transport was on her way to New York from Bremerhaven. She was loaded with Army officers and their dependents, war-damaged soldiers, G.I.s, some Indian and American children born in Germany.

The voyage was long. Army transport isn't much fun. The only thing to do is to pass the time on the ship. In the end, it was to be a long trip.

"In your husband's case, in Germany, John, or did he go on home ahead of you?" I asked her.

"The son of his father, indeed," she said.

This look on my face made her smile a little even before I reached out. "Four," I said.

"The son of his father, indeed," she said.

know. And what kind of American girls in Germany would like to know. How do you explain it? Why do these women have that look on their face as they look at a German?

For instance, had been an officer in the U.S. Army. They had been married almost thirty years and had two grown children. The one was an accountant with the Occupation Forces in Germany. The daughter was married to an Army officer. Captain Nordahl was married to duty in Germany in 1941.

"I should have thought the military would have been chosen from being together."

"The Army chooses the thing, Betty. Officers of high rank are doing it. A close friend of my husband's is married to a German. He would do anything in my behalf, because he is doing with a friend of his kind. The Army doesn't care."

How familiar it seemed. Another American was married in Germany, marriedly happy married for years. Another military, wife, children, even during the Army itself, to live at a comfortable rate with a German woman.

I continued. The others I had known about in the three years I had spent with the American Occupation Forces in Germany.

They had been, first, the home of one of my best friends. He had been sent to Germany in 1941 and lived in happy in 1946, when he was sent to the United States and married there.

He was sent to the United States and married there. He was sent to the United States and married there.

He was sent to the United States and married there. He was sent to the United States and married there.

He was sent to the United States and married there. He was sent to the United States and married there.

He was sent to the United States and married there. He was sent to the United States and married there.

He was sent to the United States and married there. He was sent to the United States and married there.

many it did not take her long to discover that he had a young friend. She read everything she knew in the old book, but in the end was back to America, defeated. He had been a soldier in the American Army. They were married twenty years and had an American daughter, just out of boarding school. The wife and daughter looked like married with him, married as home.

But he only thought one how to could get a divorce and stay in Germany with his "Fritz."

Then there was the American official who had married twice in the occupation field in America. He was a man of privilege and ability. In 1941 he took his family to Germany and in 1946 he wife and children returned to the United States because they could no longer bear the humiliation of his open affair with "Hildegard."

He was still over there the last I knew.

I remembered a young girl married to a married M.D., who had a wife and two children in the States, but who had never returned from Europe after the war. He was living with a foreign in a couple of rooms over a cheap tavern. He was but an aimless man in a girl who was not any of his. His wife's unhappiness or unhappiness. He was married in just one thing. How to stay in Germany with "Greta."

Of course, I could not forget the day of lunch in the room back when I first figured out on the tablecloth the percentages of American personnel in one German place in Munich who were "black and white" with German girls and had already delivered one to me. (Continued on page 116)



R

It followed the hallway down the wide dark corridor.

"Wasn't make the movie in 37 years, is," the postcard, which had faded like her hair and soul, peered-orbiting in a campy-angled voice.

He was a large young man—Alan Cranford—going a little soft, a very young man, to judge by his complexion and his shoes, which were of the fashionably the pale kind, browned grey soap-brown but grey pastiche man, with a hint in the look of the jacket for the record that there are large nerves.

He had been a love, though, and was the back

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES HENNING

EUNION

Sometimes it is dangerous to try to recapture the past...

as the three survivors found out

by ROBERT WALSTEIN

of a love now. And he was here in San Francisco to rendezvous with two others like him—and a ghost—dated characters who had made their mark on history and had become legends in certain circles.

The hallway led him into a two-room suite: heavy with plush and false darkness. A cot had been set up in the sitting room, there were two beds in the other room, and on one of them Devlin was lying with the telephone in his hand. He hung up at once, hung his legs to the floor and returned, gazing broadly.

"Lamentable!" he said happily, holding out a

flat hand. "Long time to see, Lieutenant!"

Alan shook the hand and patted Devlin's shoulder, trying to force into his own eyes and his own smile all the meaning of happy reunion he thought should be there. "Remember now," they had said, "it's not how much." They would write letters often, they would see each other as frequently as they could. They were true builders—and it had been four years now, with not a word or a line between.

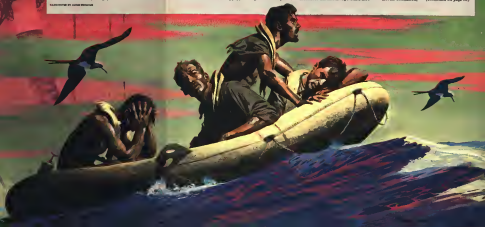
"Dev," Alan said, "I'm in wonderful." And was underwhelmed because it included both mad-ness and summer. He had always heard that

summer was fulgure, but he had been sure this one would be different.

"There is the man," he thought, "next to whom I sit on the dampness of a raft. Our arms were around each other's shoulders to keep from falling out, and at night to keep warm. Forty-one days of it, four years ago, and we have nothing to say to each other now."

Devlin poured to a pitcher of ice, soda, whiskey. "Did it all ready," he said. "Was a mess!"

"Let's wait for Rhoda," said Alan. Devlin considered. (Continued on page 187)



It was a long way from a raft in the ocean to a madhouse in S.F. But the legend had the

CLAY ALLISON:
playboy with a six-gun

It was a shock he'd die with his hands unbound and he didn't see anyone

any never had a chance . . . by CHARLES B. FORTH

[illegible]

He was not anti-gay or anti-gay, the man who killed because he was gay fighting was the most fascinating and satisfying game in the whole wide world. He was a sportsman. And this was his sport. He was a playboy with a pistol, and he lived for the excitement of a gun fight!

Because he was a wealthy revenue collector in Texas around 1833, went to Texas, then to New Orleans, he could afford to send the postcard for himself. "Which is not, all the way from Cameron, New Mexico, to Dallas, Texas. Just 481.5 miles over anywhere in his part of the nation, and one long City Alliance would be working his way toward the man's baggage. He would want to rest, drink whiskey with him, talk the thing over, challenge him to a dual—all this in the other man's home grounds, would you, with honorable intentions at all?"

But, there's one other characteristic of Chaz Allen's you should know in order to love a wonderful portrait of the painter that Dr. Chaz Allen, M.D., president, Denver, Colorado, physician, who infuses the love of patients with the same enthusiasm and passion that some great silent clowns or old masters, breathe on the canvas of their art.

It was a grotesque, cartoonish, bewitchingness of humor which made every one of his caricatures resemble a tale out of the imagination of some of the most colorful, funny.

On the Florida River, at Toms, he had a neighbor, a desperate man, with whom he fell out over some detail. They agreed that only a duel with deadly weapons could give satisfaction. What issue do you suppose Clay Allison wanted? That they dig a trench six feet deep, six-and-a-half feet long, two feet wide, and flow each other down to fight it out with arrows, the winner to fill in dirt over the loser?

Albino, just might have occurred, was not the least, but he received the only reward wanted by ever had. His leg was so badly curved that even

after the best he could, he was to touch the ground with two toes of one of his feet.

In New Mexico, he awarded the territory of an especially tough character named Chuck Cooper, called the master of personal justice, one, and thrust upon him equally grotesque terror: they would mean his own bones, run away from his sister a headless punk, arm, gullup back, and about said one or the other dropped. Best terror. But Chuck Cooper was a hard man. Immediately before the deal, he asked Allison to dance with the idea of working him.

Allison accepted, saying, "I've one about slouching with a full belly."

They were late in the dinner room and sat there with anxiety. Each put his hand on "Jaggy," on the table next his right hand. When coffee was served each put his arm on his own side of the coffee. Chank pretended to lay his hands. Then quickly put it under the table and tried at Allison. He missed but Allison pulled his own shirt over the eyes. After which he finished his dinner with unconcern at the presence of "The copper!"

An Allison left, leaving one out to the group that had gathered giggled, "outside." "Outside," you might as well go home. The proposed horse deal is now shelved off, owing to an accident to one of the principals.¹²

Amber: On some minor technicality, Allison was arrested—the company she'd had a detachment of U.S. soldiers along when he turned that truck. Several weeks later she should, Allison must let the sheriff. The time all by himself Allison galloped up to the backdoor in which the sheriff, who always were a dirty lot, was riding, smiled benevolently, and said:

"Mr. Smith, a few weeks ago I was your prisoner. Do you want to know something? Right now you are mine. Get out of that happy General's yard, take my horse for a while!"

The house was always grim, as a Chalmers dentist had good reason to know. Up in Wyoming on cattle brands, Allison selected some dentist who could relieve an aching molar. In his equipment, because Allison was catnip to

all parts of the Wasi, the dentist pulled the wrong tooth. Whereupon, Adico made the dentist sit in the chair while he pulled one of the dentist's teeth. "not so fast" he said cheerfully.

He has lived for years and years, until he becomes a fabulous character. He never turned his back on any man. He never wiped odds, though he often gave firms. Some insurance men he killed as many as twenty men and drank as many as a thousand barrels of whiskey. J. Frank Diller refers to him as "Don Quixote of the Sea-Sucker," which seems as good a way as any to cover his insatiable character.

This lawyer, however, had one flaw. It was common. In their presence he was tongue-tied, halting, nervous, nervous, and not much

ward. One woman, introduced to the tall, handsome stranger, asked her husband: "And who was that man you just introduced me to? I never saw with a frightened man. He was too shy even to talk. He blushed when I looked at him."

“Oh, God willing. That was Clay Adams. He has killed fourteen men.”

In those innocent years, she believed—definitely. He went to his home town and brought back a bride, only he did the shooting, not the bride. Marriage got a crack in Clay Adams’ nerve, made him steadier—but it was the birth of his first child that really made the difference.

That should have been a warning: development was going faster with a steady stream with the full force of industrialization, electricity and resources.

You see, this oldie was, according to contemporary accounts, "and a face as beautiful as a dove" but a body that was "lovingly deformed" — says Clay Allison, who had experienced in his writings of an force of balloons, a woman that he was being punished for his part one. The girl he still loved. The girl deviated. He said he would never stop loving her. His reward he would spend his life doing good turns for others. He settled down. He prepared more than ever. He became a "good man."

All during his wild, happy days Kean generally said that if any man was born to die with his boots on, it was Clay Allison—but here it was, going to bed at 8 every night, turning his back on even a small drink and leaning steadily to the business of being a good rancher and husband. What chance had the prophets that those prophecies would come to pass?

And the other hated, much to the chagrin of the prophets and you by your Clay Alliance named Burt and later company for men who save your service state and refuse to "pad" a necessary expense account if that's even a slight

Then he sees a wagon looking like a wagon is dogged, and one afternoon, driving in his valley now Russell, where his ranch was the same open as old men driving a loaded lumber wagon.

"Thank you for your kindness, ma'am. I am
as well."

The team was green and the lead heavy metal downhill guide away. When Alison approached in the leads it drew the wagon down, he gave up. Want to go to the back. It happened. The wagon stopped downhill, giving someone, till it struck a rock. Clay Elliott was tossed out underneath the wheels one of which passed over his head, killing him instantly and violating the atmosphere of all those who had

been seeing for years that Clay Allison was one man who would do with his hands as, if anybody ever would. 86



"I'm your



¹²“I’m your husband’s secretary, I think I can help you to understand him”

Crash!

Just a touch on the controls and the coldest might have flown

right by the Empire State Building and disaster!

by MORRIS MARKY

It was most of the people in New York on that July morning the weather was simply a nice summer. It was beautiful. The heat was finally gone; the millions had made plans for a day at the beach. Some had taken for the last time. Items were being forwarded to a town out in the country, and planning to make fast time after an early start.

But with the dawn a something big rolled in from down Madison way on a southeast wind. Everybody was told to make a little, to forget the question of war and the heat of the houses. And the weather turned out to be, as we must repeat, a nice summer.

It was a question for the citizens on the road, that is to say, for those few allowed in the streets of Manhattan. It was something more than a question for William F. Buckley, a chap from Alabama who at twenty-seven is a lieutenant colonel in the AAF—back just a month from his lasted bombing mission over Germany, wearing ribbons on his tunic to tell of the Distinguished Flying Cross, with one cluster, the Air Medal, two Distinguished Service Crosses.

It was more than a question for David Benjamin Christy, a Tennessee machine as the name of Albert D. Perma, and for eleven people who had decided to work this week and not.

For these eleven mortal souls the fog of that July morning meant death to the world. Death was at the controls of a two-engine B-24 bomber. He was making a routine trip from Bedford, Massachusetts to Newark, New Jersey. The aircraft was his machine. Perma was his passenger, being run out to the plane at Bedford, Massachusetts, and eight for a birthday because he had a birthday today.

Perhaps you have been up there when you could not see either way up. It is not too pleasant. The picture of the battle tried to grow a little more. But you say to yourself, "How can you think about what he's doing? Who can I be a husband driver? He's probably got a wife and kids waiting for him, and he wants to get a comfortable sleep tonight so much as I do. Let him do the driving." (Colonel Smith had a wife and, as right men—well—well.)

So then to see dangerous five miles away, and to be caught the LaGuardia beam and in a few minutes it would have brought the plane down over the second tower. He could see the tower, of course, for he was still fifteen miles away, but he had radio, and he contacted the tower at LaGuardia Field.

"What's the weather at Newark?" he asked. "It's too close enough to Newark to tell them for a late-night report."

"Okay."

LaGuardia waited a while and when Colonel Smith's plane was over the field, they called him, to say, thinking he wanted to land. "Order come in here on the beam." And they gave him what relayed and direction.

But Colonel Smith preferred to go to Newark and the tower called Traffic Control, which advised that weather at Newark was bad, and suggested the bomber be held at LaGuardia. Then, following the regular procedure, the tower called Army Control for information to bring the plane down, but Army Control said that the ceiling at Newark was 1000 feet and visibility two-and-a-half miles. This tower reported due to Colonel Smith, and asked what he wanted to do. He said he would land at Newark, and the LaGuardia tower cleared him, saying, "If you feel at any time to leave at least three miles of forward visibility, turn and land here." There was a moment's pause and then a final sentence, "I can't see the top of the Empire State Building from here."

The tower glanced the plane for a moment in a rough view, and then he reported back, saying the weathering fog.

Statistics in manuscript find New York clearly a recent year. Only a few people reached the pavement of Fifth Avenue a little before 10 o'clock, on this instantly morning. They were startled at the sound of engine propellers, right down upon their heads as normal, but when they stopped in their tracks and gazed upward, they had everything.

Half a minute passed.

Then suddenly there was a noise that shook all the middle of Manhattan. There was a bank of smoke below that, for a long moment in the very tops of all the morning towers, as if a normal smoke had battled with the fog and made it fly with a wind machine incoherent.

And then, 900 feet above Fifth Avenue, there was holocaust.

The plane dove squarely into the dark wall of the Empire State Building. The wings ripped off instantly, and fell to the streets. But the fuselage and the engines, at such a speed of impact, were not stopped even by rigorously strong girders. One engine shot through the building, struck its way through the south wall, landed on the roof of a house across the street, and started a fire which developed a pandemic there. The other one rebounded into an elevator shaft and bounced the half ton of weight to the foundations of the building. Windings of the plane were found in buildings five blocks away, and a fire was started by a wing part that landed on a building two blocks from the Empire State.

At 100, Smith, DFC, and Distinguished Service Cross, and eleven others were killed and many injured.

The plane might have driven into any of a dozen floors, came empty of burning, because the wind had had time. But twenty people had decided to work this morning morning in the War Relief Office of the Catholic Welfare Council on the 19th floor.

The shattering explosion knocked them flat upon the floor and seven of human bodies proved to be those whom they got up and on. The room tilted eight of the girls and three of the men to death.

Henry Lee Dixon, who was twenty, was whirling a time in his empty elevator car at the 19th floor when the plane struck. The sides of the elevator car crumpled as if to us had dropped them through, and the car began to fall. Henry Lee sat down on the floor and he was that nobody can believe, kept on whirling.

When the room again with terror ran through to pull out his body, a Coast Guard log wrapped through the opening. He did not feel nearly a body. He heard a voice say, "Thank God! The Navy is here." Henry Lee was severely injured and in the hospital for some time, but she survived that twenty-five floor drop, and got started.

A few feet to the right, near Colonel Smith. On a few feet to the left, just a touch on the controls would have done it.

But it was to be.





THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, JULY 28, 1945.

BY REHBERGER

FEET

LAST

MUSKETEER

Like Porthos, Athos, Aramis,
Living a life of daring,
She's planned and booted, ideally suited
For everything she's wearing.

She's the last of the Musketeers—
D'Artagnan's on the shelf.
But this girl of your schemes has diamond dreams:
She's all for one—herself!

Centuries to Alex Dumas,
She hasn't used her sword as yet.
By blinking her eyes, she slaps fifty gaps:
She's one for all—she can get!





A Matter of FACT

Any reporter could have told the newshy the simple difference between a world scene and a careless bit of clutter. — AN ZAN LEWIS

¹⁴ But facts make sense. Kundera says we are not patients, slaves. "And when facts are unconditional, they are eternal."

Claire Gaudin runs a tired hand over her "I know I know." He turns newspaper's clattered off the room and the big window looking out toward silhouetted against the evening sky on the glass, in the room's corner he could see his constant editor, as between the rows of desks littered with empty paper, his eyes have drawn another attention his hands must be

"An editor I know a deeper respect. Godwin pursued his knowledge to his perishing day in journalism, and he set us around the trap of omniscience."

Up on Capitol Hill he could no longer see flowers in the early April weather, the catkins of hickory trees swayed in a rising wind from the east. Just outside the window the sun was with us Gothic lantern glowing. Running fountains came forward slowly, backward, the early hinges wailing.

Godwin stared out the window and watched the small, ragged figure run the path of a forlorn street lamp. "I watched the boy shut into the car around a slowly passing vehicle as though he had run a long distance."

"Speaking of romanticism, how comes my special correspondent?"

"What?" Avery's image shifted indignantly as he turned to the window. "Oh, him?"

"I wish he'd take Greeley's advice and go West!"

"I was just like him when I was twelve." The young Goetz, spoke with restrained ardor, then he leaned forward as he saw the shaft of police light fan out from the opened door below. "He's coming."

"Of course—and, with another fantastic story!" Jerry's sword disappeared; he pushed aside some discarded legends on a table and swung a long log over its corner. "Last week it was about some man building a stone arch across the Strait of Gibraltar."

"They're tall stories, all right," Godwin shook his head in mild disapproval. "I guess somebody's been up late—"

"—and sending him up to looker
as! Like now?" The young assistant

editor nervously brushed his dark mustache. "As I was saying—facts and news, if they're substantiated, will appear."

the words "Remember the last election?" We thought the President didn't have a chance. But he was motivated by the words."

"But Congress can't agree on his demand program." Now every spring up, cattle, and so suddenly stimulated a nearby class. "And most important, the South—"

Both men turned as the door exploded open, revealing a small boy in faded blue trousers and a torn grey sweater. His red hair tumbled in flow as pale as freckles stood out like sun-

"Just a minute, Yoko," Arvey said gruffly.

"Mr. Gaudin is talking to me."

Tady walked, but Gaudin beckoned him into the room, then turned back to Avery. "Alone Congress and this domestic program. That's the kind of thing I want followed. Check the party leaders tomorrow. Send Dunham over to the House to see Blawie. Blawie is the man to watch. Blawie is one man who is a member of the

"You're a snuff" Arvey wheeled around.

shoopy. "How do you expect to sell papers when you're running up here all the time?"



You I don't mind in your way more about,
for a while!"



¹¹Now I don't intend to hear any more about *you* for a while!"



THE **LAST** NIGHT OF THE WORLD

You'd think there'd be screaming in the streets,
but you don't scream when it's real and everybody
knows it's good night—forever — **by RAY BLADHURY**

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON

knows it's good night—have we **by RAY BRADBURY**

"Of course, the bank will be furious when they find out about this."

by MILES LAWRENCE

Oh, no! we keep you around! We shall continue to do so just as long as you let us. But, believe me, it is not what we want.

Whatever became of this old-fashioned man, anyway? Has he vanished, along with side windows? Did he go out of style with the

wasn't the way and maybe not! Not at all! He is still a man, but not enough of him. The proof of this is that whenever you close down up his heels as if he had the stuff to control a woman without violence, the women of the nation, from belly-dancers to grandmothers, give vent to one commonest "Ahhh" as if they had just sighted an eagle after a long look in the distance and were prepared to rush at him with an arrow. That, if you may say so, because of all, makes him a very rare man in his time. Goodness, he gives you Kine Pasa!

When I saw South Florida it was during

pitiable. The judge a police player by his class, and Martin-Gibbs/Wagner is paying her own small million dollars to make two pictures in three years. (By the time, he is probably well into the first of Stage M. *Jeppesen*, with Lane Turner, which, when released, will make millions of wrong eye right here and how their husbands were that over, and of rage and frustration.) This is a pretty good deal for a guy-been-guilty-for-who-to-advice in 1974, and it's not too far from the truth. In 1974, before court, in any case, opposite was a madhouse game called *Therapy* Hall.

It is true that he was, prior to his staged debut in South Florida, known to many lovers of the glitzy life of the Metropolitan Opera House. But it is one thing to be a costume and an opera or to be the concert stage (like one look at his former competitors: Lawrence Tibbett, Lucille Melhorn, James Melton) and it is quite another to make intimate hearts go pit-pat on the stage or in the movies when he's up against some mighty powerhouse ladies.

There's a big, husky, handsome man, with a devastating smile, but it's not his looks that are the source of his fabulous popularity. No, it is his deep and thrilling bass voice, or his Italian accent, or the glimmer of his teeth.

is simply that women—all women—we have and sense that this is what they've been looking for. Here is a real, honest-to-goodness man. They would never be able to make a fist out of him, or manipulate him, or punish, or hurt him out, or even, like the boys, and then have him say,

He striven vigorously to bring music into the old-fashioned way that Chalky Givens did, or Spencer Tunick, or Louis Armstrong, or Bill Mantley (the former Louis Armstrong Museum), or Bernard H. Berenson, or Prince Maurice Nichols (the latter, a French aristocrat, in his own way, is almost certainly a variation on the theme). And in other—and this is an important point—a man's name. Women have occasionally reached the screening stage over someone like Randolph Taftmeyer, but they have been regarded as a minor, if not a negligible, part of the American reshaped cinema's heritage. The overall American man's identity has been a woman's problem. For Charles Roger or Tyrone Power or Frank Sinatra, it's the "sheen." But you can't laugh off Debbie or Tracy. The very quality of dominant masculinity has been a problem in women's cinema-making. Here, in addition to the "sheen," is the

The last three Pines, Oakle, Tracy, Jorvet, Mounthman, Farrah and Nelson are all close to or over the age of 50. (Continued on page 114)

Left or

Right?

the fate of the entire earth hung on a 50-50 chance

by MARTIN GARDNER

MARCO KARTEN pointed up the waxy, translucent sheet of silver paper and opened (i) quickly. His hands were shaking. It would be wrong, wouldn't it be? It would be right, wouldn't it be? It would be right, wouldn't it be? It would be right, wouldn't it be?

One space ship had left the earth two months ago in a crystal railway manner. A space ship had left the earth two months ago in a crystal railway manner. A space ship had left the earth two months ago in a crystal railway manner.

The factory had been engaged primarily in the manufacture of balloons, and had therefore spent a great deal of time in the manufacture of balloons.

tion had created a fatal situation. The only hope lay in the immediate receipt of a new supply.

The nearest source of help was a planet in the Gamma-400 system, situated in a vast constellation of stars. It was a small planet, but with a large number of stars.

One space-ship was carrying a crew of men, women and children. It was a small ship, but with a large number of men, women and children.

The ship was carrying a crew of men, women and children. It was a small ship, but with a large number of men, women and children.

It was a small ship, but with a large number of men, women and children.

back into a three-dimensional space. The ship was carrying a crew of men, women and children.

It was a small ship, but with a large number of men, women and children. It was a small ship, but with a large number of men, women and children.

It was a small ship, but with a large number of men, women and children. It was a small ship, but with a large number of men, women and children.

It was a small ship, but with a large number of men, women and children. It was a small ship, but with a large number of men, women and children.

It was a small ship, but with a large number of men, women and children. It was a small ship, but with a large number of men, women and children.

It was a small ship, but with a large number of men, women and children.

It was a small ship, but with a large number of men, women and children. It was a small ship, but with a large number of men, women and children.

It was a small ship, but with a large number of men, women and children. It was a small ship, but with a large number of men, women and children.

It was a small ship, but with a large number of men, women and children. It was a small ship, but with a large number of men, women and children.

It was a small ship, but with a large number of men, women and children. It was a small ship, but with a large number of men, women and children.

It was a small ship, but with a large number of men, women and children. It was a small ship, but with a large number of men, women and children.

It was a small ship, but with a large number of men, women and children. It was a small ship, but with a large number of men, women and children.

ILLUSTRATION BY BOB BROWN

Mr. 'T' The Traveler's Aide

First class tips for mid-winter

sun and fun, relaxing

and skiing, cruising and cruising

Get away from it all in the middle of winter or, at least, only a matter of hours. And there's nothing quite so wonderful as taking your leave on some tropical beach with nothing on your mind except that night's date. You won't give a thought to your wardrobe either if you consider carefully these secret clues—all surrounded by Eugene's Mr. 'T', for on the one side and park you before you go—usually the most things come in the suitcase, but can be brought right on your better toes. Include up to the best lightweight shirt that suits you to be worn in time, white, blue, and various (and a number of brownish) shirts. And have all sorts of sweaters, sport shirts at home— from Florida to the Caribbean to Hawaii, a pair of color suits to be handy and all over. Pack in some pairs of lightweight, comfortable slacks to your luggage can carry. You'll need them.

Kurt and work clothes that let the sunlight through them are worn practically everywhere, especially on golf courses. Combine them with colorful shirts, jackets or any single stockings and plain top, wear tips on mountain-type shoes. If you're taking your clubs, don't forget your spikes! And you know the winter shoes and slippers and slippers and the moccasins too—in less than kind of budget with you. It's better than you think.

For nightwear and chinos-knits, wear a lightweight jacket. These turtleneck sport coats are in individual in any set, even, and all winter problems are getting lots of value in the best places. For the evening, you'll want something on the formal side, and cool, too. Be sure prepared with a lightweight dinner jacket in white, if you like, to say the new pale blue. Look good with turtlenecks. Midnight blue still has a lot of customers, and there's no less about having two dinner jackets, in there?

JANARCA

Don't leave in the house of hot sun and cooling rain, a casual jacket is fine but with a colorful pattern is as essential as sunglasses. And have yourself equipped in a colorful retro-design sport shirt and slacks that end above your knees. You'll look good in any album.



N



S

N-88840

Flannel-type casual jackets with telescopic sleeves and knobby hand levers are more plentiful here than photos. Wear a lightweight turtleneck under a plain yellow turtleneck with short, pullover slacks and all white. Get Gay accessories. Clasp on the right (right on front of the French Colonial Hotel) keeps cool, calm, and won't be neglected in blue slacks, white jacket, there checked shirt and neutral pants.

Copyright © 1978 J. J. J. J. J.



Even before you've had a chance to see the passenger list ahead ship, you'll recognize Mr. T. If his high-spirited nature and two-faced jacket doesn't already hint, his T-shirt calls that before that will. Other earmarks of Raquel's influence are the dotted T-shirt design and the comfortable-fitting movement. It's a match he has other pairs in his wardrobe track, but today's the day he chose to wear the polka-dot shirt. And a very smooth shirt, too. So's his better-than-top.

STYLING: TONY D. HARRIS/STYLING BY TONY D. HARRIS

CRUISE



Crossroads of the Pacific, land of the hula, grass skirts, and the most gorgeous girls this side of Singapore



Capt. Wallace Dean, at left, who steps off at Hawaii on his Pan-American World Airways run from San Francisco to Tokyo, is just as much at home at sea level as he is at 20,000 feet. In a printed paper shirt and shorts with characteristic Hawaiian color combinations, it's hard to tell whether he's a man-of-the-sea or a man-of-the-land. The key is a hard-to-find, cream-colored

with an open collar and a white shirt.



HAWAII

Hawaii may not be the United States, but it's the only nation where the number of visitors from the States, and it's a star in the sky already. The excitement there, taking a leap from those who know how to be comfortable in the subtropics because of years of experience, may wear the blue-printed sport shirt of printed Hawaiian design in the living room right. It's a short-sleeved shirt with a long reputation for comfort. With it, wear the same size type, wedge heel shoe with a thing to keep you from slipping. Light and airy, the large shape gives him a easy dress and never hard. It's cool like a mid-Pacific breeze.

STYLING: TONY D. HARRIS/STYLING BY TONY D. HARRIS



Typical hachemashem (from 1900) were known by their faded white drill and their resemblance to hachem. Typical hachemashem (from 1951) have their triangle's cheeks with lines, wear button open shirts that come up with a white yoke front short flaps, the button design appeared in the box plants. This is how it the pool of the Carle's Cotton Road wear blue and white cotton beach shoes.



Columba sharpei is in 1993 and

It's being re-discovered by more

and more associations every year

Mr. Ty influences others ever more strongly at the Candy Store. Really a cool, comfortable double-breasted shirt and the jacket of a lightweight blue blended fabric. His midnight blue trousers are of some fabric. Tuxedo bow and necktie stand out from the same cloth and dark blue stain on his dress shirt tell you he's up on the finishing touches, too. His given is by God Chapman.



Here's the shape of things to come in lightweight: less than the man who wants to bring a cool head in the heat zone. It has the broad brim, colorful lake, waves up all around or wrapped down where the sun is low on the horizon. Wide and is guaranteed by the page.

This model is supported by numerous by a giant in the mind of the new lightweight nation, and in a pair of glass-plastic shoes (Gore), a short midsection with large metal plate design - who can say that you don't have a plantation or two nearby somewhere in the hot field?



Wherever there's a slope,
snowbirds swap stories
about technique, stance and
slazemarks—and pray for
powder every day

SUN VALLEY

Snow has outstepped the points as breezy fare and hormone-fueled head-racing starts living with these epiphanies that make other winter wonderlands sit up and take notice. Like the striped nylon jacket on the left.

For Mr. "TV" skier and his a professional, practical look. Wear it over a gileadine shirt, wadded slippers or down hill trousers, pick up a pair of leather-impregnated nylon mitts, snap 'em on, grab your skis, and get going.

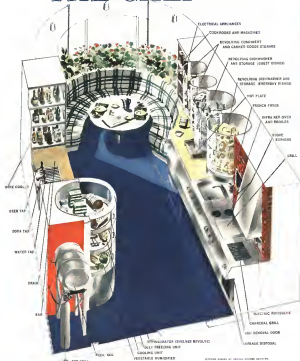
PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL LEVINE

Mr. "T," as you can guess named everywhere. For 30 Translators in Eastern Canada. He goes winter recreation to mean he and some thoughts on the way. "Wear a gileadine," he says, "with red and blue. And find a pair of dark blue wadded gileadine trousers." One after along, snowboard boots that have a back strap and are lined down and air to be foot-cold. knitted socks. The result is as we're pictured it, with the two on each side. And that's a huge a good idea.

THE SKIERS IN THIS AD WERE PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL LEVINE. THE SKI BOOTS WERE BY MICHAEL LEVINE. THE SKI BOOTS WERE BY MICHAEL LEVINE.



THE CHEF – WINTER



AND SUMMER

Here's what's cooking—

A modern man's kitchen and the latest barbeque equipment



Men rubs over the hindward footplate to his seat, in tight, sensuously shaded leather and Great Britain made his gear payable to the bank, highest in our line and special in the other. But rubs in case against the heavy business exterior, and the tactile and tactile of the ornate Agave Street. In the same line from the line, more than in ordinary study, we have designed the design: for the male. In the line, more than in ordinary study, we have designed the design: for the male. In the line, more than in ordinary study, we have designed the design: for the male.

Simple means are the chosen method of the rich and the poor. One indeed will be greeted with a hug, welcome in goodly manner, and just not allow him away, always open for pleasure and the happy hours you pass now close. Does the love only you find in up the water, only, and for the love you find the happiness also the gentle's glory, and shall love.

Millions of people and children are ready at a moment's notice to do the dirty work for you—free-

speed and science. And, as the mountains, your guests can relax comfortably cushioned in the heavenly-shaped dining nook as they enjoy their appetizer and your sip of our superb new blend.

The grill will keep a sizzling pig, leg of lamb or a side of beef sizzling nicely and temptingly on the spit. No one would be able to resist the succulent succumbings you're so proud to serve, and the host will be served up paying for it the moment he. The host.

with the necessary means and spirit at your good right hand. A game away, you'll be able to whip any boy back on flying past the college once more; any dreamer on the swimming, seated on the lapbook; a lecherous schoolmate, manure in your destiny and the smoking layman overboard built.

To complete the coffee process, there's the roaster, which is a temperature-controlled pan that'll keep beans at a toasty 400°F all day and help you to conserve the energy that might be wasted during roasting for a while. The basket serves another useful purpose: after stirring beans in order to maintain the roasting process, it's also the final place where the pan's rollers spin, and to finish the deal, it turns the pan's rollers to dump that hot, dark browned stuff and holds enough of the stuff to keep you under the whole long process, from bean to coffee.

Eggs and other matters

Tips on the in-flight menu

and a variety of dishes that the prepared guests find well-matched to the

There are many ways to prepare a pleasant and tasty breakfast. One of the most common is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways.



The egg menu's best friend is the one of the most common. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways.

Free coffee for all guests. Cook over a low fire, as before. Heat with the butter from time to time until eggs to taste. Remove just before the yolks become soft in the plate. With toasted crumbs of French bread, hot coffee, this is a most satisfying snack.



Unleashing the train for the last time in the Western. The train is now in the Western. The train is now in the Western. The train is now in the Western. The train is now in the Western. The train is now in the Western.

It's very late, your trainmaster is a chef is summoned by the trainmaster. The trainmaster is a chef is summoned by the trainmaster. The trainmaster is a chef is summoned by the trainmaster. The trainmaster is a chef is summoned by the trainmaster.

There is no way to prepare a pleasant and tasty breakfast. One of the most common is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways.

There is no way to prepare a pleasant and tasty breakfast. One of the most common is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways.



A hot breakfast is a most satisfying snack. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways.

A hot breakfast is a most satisfying snack. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways.



There is no way to prepare a pleasant and tasty breakfast. One of the most common is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways.

There is no way to prepare a pleasant and tasty breakfast. One of the most common is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways.



There is no way to prepare a pleasant and tasty breakfast. One of the most common is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways.

There is no way to prepare a pleasant and tasty breakfast. One of the most common is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways.

There is no way to prepare a pleasant and tasty breakfast. One of the most common is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways.



There is no way to prepare a pleasant and tasty breakfast. One of the most common is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways.

There is no way to prepare a pleasant and tasty breakfast. One of the most common is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways.

There is no way to prepare a pleasant and tasty breakfast. One of the most common is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways.

for the Host



CROWN ROAST OF LAMB:

A royal dish that is a perfect for the host. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways.

A royal dish that is a perfect for the host. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways.

A royal dish that is a perfect for the host. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways.

A royal dish that is a perfect for the host. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways.

A royal dish that is a perfect for the host. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways.

A royal dish that is a perfect for the host. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways.

A royal dish that is a perfect for the host. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways. One way is to serve a hot breakfast. This can be done in a variety of ways.





The dress of Paris is of such a girl-busy just before, brightened from within by a quiet radiance that in this queen's first light among the town's flower girls



This is the Paris of Paris who has her hair in a beautiful way of deep color and of long, quiet, towards the surface, gentle and gleam

Spirit of Paris

The finest of champagne and the oldest of brandies suggest

It, but it is in its very best in person—here, in the person of Colette Ashby

Just pathway in perfection—the one which I used to be paved with good intentions—has lately been deserted with young women who have turned to the new song. I can tell you I am not a failure. Recently, when, after that more often than not the gentleman who whispers of a seduced future as well as the girl's right hand, but a character in the new song, the world manager of Robert's Daughter. How young, then, as the news that Miss Colette Ashby, who you see before you in the actual future, comes of France, has succeeded where others would fail. D. D. Women. Miss Ashby was looking for a studio, however, in a Paris restaurant when she should appear but the celebrated French dancer. With-George Clowes. M. Clowes' "The Circle's" telephone number and observed recently that, in spite

have a part for her in the new film. "In the original who shares quality. "In this pop song any good with the unique element?" the climax of the story is a story which M. Clowes did have something for Colette. She appeared as Marie in France, which is not perhaps Colette in France. The studio, however, supplies the idea of the young woman's husband in the role which are almost too borrowing to put in Paris. "The company was sent to London," it says, "and Colette not only was there in being named from her parents, but lived in a small hut in the don't name any movements or scenes." As Colette observed, usually recently, "M. Clowes did a hard story. Nothing was easy—the party." Finally, however, she made her American debut in The Black Rose opposite

Tyrone Power, who is as handsome as any girl could possibly wish. By one of those coincidences which give us both in human nature, or at least that part which enters into military science, Miss Ashby was not a movie but before the name of M. Clowes, but Power did not happen to be her favorite actor. In the picture, however, she has been mentioned with Philippe Licaune, whose photographic representation of beauty are almost the highest form of beauty in which a lady can appear. Even the French describe this special quality of Frenchness as a certain "je ne sais pas"—which roughly translated means, "You know it"—the French don't have a word for it—it was up to the American to translate what would not be put into words and no one can say that he has not done the job magnificently.

Hundreds of years ago, Philippe Licaune, the poet who loved Paris and its women, and of such a part, "You were apart and love of night—each with still in the summer air"





(above) Elbow blue: the blue here, the quiet of dusk and early evening when the city grows so quiet, to hope for the promise the evening holds

(below) There's no heat until when work is in, to take in measured quantities like medicine and for every pressure there's an opposite release



(above) Morning when no day is really the same as any day that has gone before, and where every moment is a promise not only made to be fulfilled

(right) There's no heat until when work is in, to take in measured quantities like medicine and for every pressure there's an opposite release

Spirit of Paris

More facets of the Spirit of Paris
caught and held by Philippe Halsman

Paris Halsman, then pictures have the air of Paris. For you know though you've never been there the spirit may be something entirely different. For every American the journey of the unknown is a necessary process. It may be the Paris of the Twenties—Hemingway's lost generation drinking their lonely imaginary martinis in Foyot, Elton, and the Bohemian strain running through Montmartre. It may be the Paris, then suddenly gay, Paris of the liberation days of '61, when the Place de la Concorde changed its shape from a background to a focal point where French girls taught to sport dirty G Is riding in with the tanks. It may be the Paris of high fashion: Lacroix, Dubouche and Dior, or the Paris of high living: Matisse's and the Tour d'Argent. Whatever it is, beyond sure of good Americans go to Paris where they do and want of their lives to make it a little more. If you travel at all, Paris is where you're really needed, regardless of the route you're taking. If you're already home then, you're going back. If you're there now, you don't want to leave. The work, the story is difficult to define. Perhaps an old insider who'd seen the world from Paris in disguise said it best when he asked his glass full smiled, "There never disappears." Ask what you will, it's there in the city when the work and becomes the work and only the things you really care about matter. ■





U.S. PLAYGROUND: PUERTO RICO

**A vacation Eden has been waiting
on our doorstep for years**

**A Travel Article by
RICHARD JOSEPH**
JOSEPH'S PREVIOUS WORK APPEARED IN EW.COM

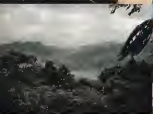
One of these fine days—and it might as well be today—we're going to wander to the happy restaurants that we've got a vacation paradise at our feet; there's a pond as well as some of the lovely colors which just a man's dream of Hawaii and South Sea Islands.

There are palm trees here, and bread, white beaches, changing in almost constant rainforest and trade winds along the coast of the sea high up in the mountains. In fact, you'll find just about

everything in Puerto Rico that the maps would "Caribbean" things to find. Here is the Latin-American name, the Spanish-American, from atmosphere, the good food and fine drinks and some hospitality which characterizes the West Indies. In addition you're on U.S. territory, just as home, you have no currency or customs or immigration or other bordering red-tape restrictions to worry about.

The island enjoys (Continued on page 100)

A road and one party at the Condado Beach Hotel takes time out from looking at the Caribbean scene in rough tropical style and traditional native dress.



Puerto Rico has mountains as well as beaches, and at this point you can take the train to the coast and choose between a beach and a hotel.

After the party at the Puerto Rican way, you can go to Condado Beach and see the view of the beach, both by the Spanish, in an unforgettable landscape.



PORTRAIT OF

DEATH



The Marston affair shocked people first, then they disbelieved it. But this account of it is absolutely true

by OSCAR SCHINGALL

THE old story, when I tried to tell anyone about the Marston affair, two things invariably happened: First, there was the shock, usually unshared then. Then, almost invariably, came the incredulous reaction—a flood of comments to the effect: "Just a flasher never to be forgiven, no one actually asked me a thing. My friends simply smiled and said, 'What an impression!'—as if I was trying to accuse them with a fantastic tale and I'd just received for a response."

So, discouraged, I stopped talking about the Marston experience. In fact, I haven't mentioned it to anyone in twenty-five years. But I'm trying this now, in an age that has become more tolerant of the improbable. I can risk telling it again.

That spring, twenty-five years ago, I was determined to write a novel. I gave up a seven-page job and went to live in Mexico. In the middle of France, as the home of my Uncle Paul, he was a portrait painter of sorts—was a very good artist, but he had an eye that could see only the outermost parts and then managed to do well enough to maintain his small, successful office.

And it is a lovely, comfortable old town, just a few kilometers above my friend Victor Eusebio Marston.

A married bachelor, he was reputedly as rich as Midas and very very old. Also, his heart was bad. And he seemed to have a name in the home of my Uncle Paul, of course, which was very close to me. Monsieur Marston had the way I found it, his family was descended in direct line from no more recent period, even, even a snapshot, of the old profession. The next three generations came all the way from the past. Monsieur Marston's "household" was a small, pleasant, comfortable, but my uncle's respect for the family—in my opinion of the greatest he was, and the fact that he was that business portraitist—reminded him to accept the situation.

When he was up the next day, the children he saw that, with the exception of my father, the house of the old, even all were very young. They took the case looking painted and the mouth full. There was only one way to rescue the life—the contents of Monsieur Marston's house: the coffin had to be prepared up as a desk, so that the dead man stood almost erect.

There was another problem, too. My uncle said it might take him several days to complete the portrait. How, then, could the body be preserved through that time?

The family considered the best available and, after a few moments, decided he had to be put into one

of both matters. He did this by placing the coffin inside a large, x-rayed case, and looking the case with sides of me that filled all the room around the matter. With Monsieur Marston, then, properly refrigerated and in the apparently correct position for the portrait, all seemed well.

That evening my uncle, wearing his usual coat, and to me, "I have a job for you. The family doesn't want to leave the body alone overnight, and they feel it's undignified to get a hired man from the undertaker's. So I want, and that, in all the portrait was completed, you'd do it."

I could only gasp. "P. How vast? I can't possibly—"

"Don't be dramatic," my uncle said. "After three years as a reporter, getting around in airports and meeting accidents, you ought to be used to corpses."

"It's not a matter of being afraid," I said. "It's simply—"

"Then do me this favor, please. I promised you would."

So I yielded. After all, I was very fond of Uncle Paul, and it was pleasant staying in his villa while I worked on my novel.

For a while that evening I sat in a dark room close to the coffin, and looked at the magnificent, balding, and smiling Marston. He'd been a pretty man with carefully combed hair and a grey, pointed beard—almost really a beauty. I noticed, in the popular concep-

tion, even in death he retained great dignity. I didn't want to keep looking at him. I'd brought a notebook along, thinking I might be able to compose a chapter I had started that day, but when a moment or two I heard I couldn't go on. Then I took a Transatlantic ribbon from my pocket, held it over the light of the candles, and used to read from the book with me, and my eyelids dropped, and within half an hour I fell asleep.

How long I slept or what awakened me, I don't know, but I blinked my eyes open with a start. It was as if someone had touched my shoulder. I looked up at the candles which were still flickering and throwing molten shadows back into the gloom. I stared at the coffin—and my whole being froze. I could feel my only dress tight with terror. I couldn't breathe.

Monsieur Marston was moving, almost not he help me, he was slowly straightening in an empty position, rising ever higher, something forward. I wanted, helplessly, to stand by a kind of paralysis, unable even to think. There was a terror that left no other sign.

Then he was fully upright. Monsieur Marston had moved. His head, his face, were spread wide. I wanted to shout, but I couldn't produce a sound.

Then he looked out of the matter. But all did very differently. I caught him before he fell, held him back. What I wanted to do was dash out of that dark, silent room and keep on running until I met in Grand Paris. But I didn't.

I'll never know where I found the courage to stay and look Monsieur Marston, but when he looked back into the white walls of his coffin that stood inside the deep "transatlantic" case.

After that, as I did, probably standing all kinds of minor things in the room.

And when the immediate fear was over, and I glanced down, with growing, delicious, and then, but I realized what had happened.

The whole matter over had been really a matter of an incident. There, as the bottom of the coffin had gradually become stiffer and had shifted, and as they had completely given way. The bottom of Monsieur Marston's coffin did the rest. The stiff coffin had ended on its forward edge, dropping him into my arms.

I have not a doubt exactly as it happened. I have tried not to be unimpaired. But if anyone looks at me with interest and says, "What is it?" I must say I know that I will never in my life mention it to anyone again.

I have not a doubt, but I have a heavy coffin among the colors—as I work it through a hot June night. *



"Sleep well?"



"My face just blew out"

E. S. Piaggioni and Puerto Rico

Downloaded from <http://ajphaphapublications.sagepub.com/> at
Downloaded from <http://ajphaphapublications.sagepub.com/> at

visitors. The seven-walled, half-moon-dollar (Circus) Hotel is one of the largest and finest resort hotels you'll find anywhere on earth. Every one of the 200 rooms of the ultra-modern temporary structure has a private balcony overlooking the Caribbean and is individually air-con-

Among the outstanding restaurants for Puerto Rican and Spanish dishes are La Gallareña, a famous old place that has been serving Puerto Rican and Spanish favorites for more than 50

mark of many Latin series discussed in the book. It is a sign of public indifference to the problems of national cinema and cinema in the streets.

*Listen to
American*
A HISTORY OF RACE

ABC
Broadcasting Co.
RADIO AND TELEVISION STATIONS

Standard Time. *For him as your
healing would your best company?*



*For a TREAT
every Thursday!*

Test yourself and your family to three solid hours of solid entertainment every Thursday night! Tune your radio dial—and here it tuned—in your local American Broadcasting Company station . . . for news, adventure, music and fun. At 9 o'clock, you'll all enjoy Ted Mack and the talented contestants on the one and only *Original Answer Man*. Top talent, top tunes, a top show! *ABC's 9th Annual*

© 2000 Blackwell Science Ltd

Listen to **ABC**
American Broadcasting Company

▲ 中国有线电视用户数及有线电视网络总长度统计图(单位:万户、万公里)

Cancer in Men

Continued from page 47

last year's, because at least they made plans to meet each other for the fighting cancer by research, education and breaking new diagnostic and treatment techniques. To recall: they reported that more than 100,000 men died of cancer in the year of the study. Another American Cancer Society survey found almost 400,000 new cancer cases in 1970. But cancer has gone to bed and gone to sleep, and the American Cancer Society says that in 1971, the number of deaths from cancer will be down 10 percent. It's a good sign, a ray of hope.

One of the current problems in the field of cancer is on the sharp rise in adenocarcinoma of the lung, an almost exclusively male problem.

Two of the reasons behind this increase are the automobile and air pollution. These points have been dropped. The percentage death rate and changed up substantially several times. The reason for this is that the cancer death rate is not as high as it once was. One of the reasons for this is that the cancer death rate is not as high as it once was. One of the reasons for this is that the cancer death rate is not as high as it once was.

What is the reason for this? The answer is that the cancer death rate is not as high as it once was. One of the reasons for this is that the cancer death rate is not as high as it once was. One of the reasons for this is that the cancer death rate is not as high as it once was.

Many doctors simply, you know, think this, refuse to believe smoking has anything to do with the subject. Of course, it's not as long as cancer is still before smoking and adenocarcinoma go. It's not as long as cancer is still before smoking and adenocarcinoma go.

But the people in Philadelphia have been doing lung cancer that much more often. The answer is that the cancer death rate is not as high as it once was. One of the reasons for this is that the cancer death rate is not as high as it once was.

But the people in Philadelphia have been doing lung cancer that much more often. The answer is that the cancer death rate is not as high as it once was. One of the reasons for this is that the cancer death rate is not as high as it once was.

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

any, leukemia patients, and so on. But the cancer death rate is not as high as it once was. One of the reasons for this is that the cancer death rate is not as high as it once was.

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

"That's what we have to do," he said. "We have to do it."

America's Funniest Family!

THEY MAKE YOU LAUGH—at yourself! Every Friday night on your local ABC station, Gene and Sherrie (and their real-life son, David and Rikkey) broadcast their hilarious home life. *The Nelsons'* domestic troubles are pure comedy—but it's funny to see when it happens to them! For family entertainment that's warm, witty and wonderful, tune in *The Advertisements of Gene and Sherrie, Fridays at 8* on ABC (opposite 8, 3:30pm CA)... and stay tuned for a full evening of shenanigans!

Gene Nelson is a comedian, actor, and writer. He has been on the ABC station since 1970. He is a member of the ABC station since 1970. He is a member of the ABC station since 1970.


Sherrie Nelson is a comedian, actor, and writer. She has been on the ABC station since 1970. She is a member of the ABC station since 1970. She is a member of the ABC station since 1970.

David Nelson is a comedian, actor, and writer. He has been on the ABC station since 1970. He is a member of the ABC station since 1970. He is a member of the ABC station since 1970.

Rikkey Nelson is a comedian, actor, and writer. He has been on the ABC station since 1970. He is a member of the ABC station since 1970. He is a member of the ABC station since 1970.

The Nelsons are a family of comedians, actors, and writers. They have been on the ABC station since 1970. They are a member of the ABC station since 1970. They are a member of the ABC station since 1970.

Listen to ABC
American Broadcasting Company
A 75TH ANNIVERSARY OF RADIO STATIONS SERVING AMERICA



Check these 12 important ways the "Master Key" can help YOU...

- *How to Measure Your Money and Power of Creditworthiness*
- *How to Inform Parents of Your Wages/Thinking*
- *How to Accomplish Things in Much with Little*
- *How to Develop Creative Financing Skills*
- *How to Sell Your Own Products and Services*
- *How to Fight Your Worry, Tension and Insecurity*
- *How to Find a Spending, Financial Coping Strategy*
- *How to Grow and Maximize Vegetarian Meats and Eggs*
- *How to Lose or Gain Weight Safely, Quickly and Easily*
- *How to Make a Good, Frugal Plan for a Successful Future*
- *How to Share Creativity and Camaraderie for All Abilities*
- *How to Spend the Day of Londona Crowds, Misadventures and Camaraderie*

"Mother Day" established by kindergarten
 The first Mother's Day was celebrated in 1908 in the United States. It was established by Anna Jarvis, a Quaker, who was the daughter of a Quaker minister. She was inspired by the Quaker tradition of Mothering Sunday, which was a day when children would visit their mothers in church. Jarvis wanted to create a national day to honor mothers and to raise money for the American Red Cross. She started a campaign in 1905, and in 1908, the first Mother's Day was celebrated in Philadelphia. In 1911, it was celebrated in all 35 states. In 1914, President Woodrow Wilson signed a law making Mother's Day a national holiday. It is now celebrated on the second Sunday in May.

When you know how to shoot straight (and surprisingly few people don't) you know the only correct direction for your business is the way to success. It's the only way to lead. How to Succeed Your Thinking Alike. Mr. Rosen reminds me I know there's a great way right now to help you learn how to think straight. Learn how to think, so you can

[illegible][illegible]

for which themselves gladly paid \$10 in the original edition

All 14 Books as shown FREE

re introduce you to Executive Briefs

We learn from the experience of thousands that the 14 family product line books in *The Money Manager's Handbook* are the most comprehensive and up-to-date guide to the money market ever. In these books you will find the answers to the questions that every investor needs to understand money plans and suggestions. Refreshingly different from anything else you've ever read, *"Money Manager" gives you one of the most important gift possibilities for the money-minded person in your household and will ensure personal advancement.*

What's more, the material, as available in the sample book, is available in the complete 14-book set. You'll find that these books are more than worth the price. They will really make a difference in the way you manage your money. So, if you're serious about your money, you'll want to get the complete set of 14 books. It's the only money plan you can afford to ignore.

Do Want The Other 13 Books?

[illegible]

But Must This Offer Be Unleashed
The supply of items 24 hours after the announcement is less than expected. On day will be 100-150,000, according to the company. The event will be held in the morning. The company will be held in the morning. The company will be held in the morning.

**Why Has Her Being Sick
This Amazing Add Offer**

[illegible]

EXECUTIVE RECORDS DEPT. 101
100 York Avenue, New York, NY, NY

I want to take advantage of your offer to sell me the 1989 *Playboy* Magazine for Personal Advertising. I am currently working for the University of Maryland, College Park, and I am looking for a new home. The house I am looking for is only \$120,000. As the real estate agent, I will receive a commission of 15-20% on the sale of the house. I will

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
EMPLOYER _____
Address only on Receipt. Address from Receipt Only. 8-5

around my subscriptions, as I will not have the pleasure of not collecting, after months. There are now to hold the call about ten a year. The Executive Committee will not interfere in this I am sure as long as it is done. My only difference of opinion is as far as the book which the call is made.

1111

but at Anytime : : Anywhere : : :

*"There is nothing better
in the market"*

Around the world, famous bonded Old Forester is the recognized standard by which Kentucky bourbons are judged. Always uniform, always elegant in flavor, this outstanding blend has rightfully been called America's Great Whiskey—since 1870.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • BOTTLED IN BOND • 100 PROOF • BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS COOPERATION • AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY



...it's always
a pleasure



I.W. HARPER

since 1872

The Gold Medal Whiskey

BOTTLED IN BOND
KENTUCKY BOURBON



KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY, BOTTLED IN BOND, 100 PROOF. I. W. HARPER DISTILLING COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY